

[24/06/08][22:00:50] -

Title: In Loving Memory

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I sit beside the fire and
 think
of all that I have seen,
of meadow flowers and
 butterflies
In summers the have been
of yellow leaves and
 gossamer
in autumns that there
 were
with morning mist and
 silver sun
and wind upon my hair
I sit beside the fire and
 think
of how the world will be
when Christ shall come
 and bring
a new born spring
that we shall surely see
for there are so many
 things
that I have never seen
in every wood, in every
 spring
there is a different
 green

I sit beside the fire and
 think
of all the ones I know
and people who shall see
 a world
that God will let us know
but all the while I sit
 and think
of times there were
 before
I listen for returning
 feet
and voices at the door

J.R.R.Tolken